As thoughts of things Divine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith; as thus Come little ones; and then
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell (againe,
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles;
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelves,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaves,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuſe that ſhame
That many have, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as have before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King;
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Begger,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penury,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King;
Then am I king'd againe; and by and by,
Thinke that I am un-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſicke.*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke doe I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time; How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens lives:
And here have I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath time made me his numbring Clocke:

My

My thoughts, are minutes; and with ſighes they iarre,
There watches to mine eyes the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is poynting ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous grones, that ſtrike upon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo ſighes and teares, and grones,
Shew minutes, houres, and times: O but my time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling here, his jacke o'th' Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it have holpe mad men to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that gives it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of love, and love to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.

Rich. Thankes Noble Peere.
The cheapeſt of us, is ten grotes to deare.
What art thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man ever comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune live?

Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy ſtable (King)
When thou wer't King, who travelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length have gotten leave
To looke upon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That Horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That Horſe, that I ſo carefully have dreſt.

Rich. Rode he on Barbary? tell me gentle friend,
How went he under him?

Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.

Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That jade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.

 Would